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RANDOLPH ABBOTT SHOTWELL,
MANAGING EDITOR.

JOHN D. CAMERON,
JOHN S. LONG,
W. C. KERR,
A. R. LEDOUX,
C. B. DENSON,
NAT. A. GREGORY,
Contributing Editors.

SORGHUM.

The appearance in the market of Hillsboro of a very fine quality of sorghum syrup, the product of the adjoining county of Alamance, has recalled to our mind the large use of this plant during the gloomy period of the war, and the subsequent rapid decay of the industry upon the restoration of peace, and the reappearance of the familiar West India molasses again in the markets. That the sorghum is still cultivated in the South is due to the abiding faith of some farmers in its good qualities and its ultimate perfectibility; or to the pleasure imparted by the use of a home product, nearly if not fully equal to the foreign article, at no farther expense than that of labor. From whatever cause, the cultivation still lingers; and we are glad it is so, because between the first crude efforts at manufacture, and the skill now attained where the culture is an object, there is a wide difference; and with a knowledge of improvements applied and success attained elsewhere, we hope to see a revival of the business of the making domestic molasses awakened on a large scale in the South.

Enough is known of it to dispense with any account of its origin, qualities and uses. It will be only necessary to note why it fell into comparative disrepute with us. Introduced into the United States in 1856 by Orange Judd, the editor of the *American Agriculturist*, it was rapidly disseminated throughout the United States, and was found to succeed well almost everywhere, more especially in the South and West. But as a plant from which good molasses could be made, it attracted little attention until after the war begun, because Cuba and New Orleans molasses were abundant and cheap, and absorption in the cultivation of leading Southern staples gave no time for the consideration of novelties. But when the war was in progress, necessity compelled to the use of all resources, and sorghum came into general cultivation. To the very rude machinery for crushing the cane, and the extemporized apparatus for boiling, may be traced the disrepute into which sorghum molasses immediately fell; without reflection, that of necessity the manufacture was carried on in the rudest and most primitive style; and if fair results could be obtained by such means, what might not be expected from improved apparatus? And so it has proved; for while the South, as a general thing, washed its hands of the charge of the new industry, the Northwest went on steadily experimenting and improving, until at the present time not only an abundance of excellent sorghum molasses is made, but many thousand pounds of excellent sugar. Not only has machinery improved, not only has experience ripened a perfect skill, but even the plant itself is improved, and the Wisconsin hybrid is little behind the Louisiana cane in saccharine richness.

The consideratiyns which induce to return to the culture of the sorghum are many and weighty. The habits, the tastes, the luxury if you will, of our people compel a large consumption of molasses. This is mostly obtained from abroad at a large annual drain of our already limited supply of currency. And what is the quality of the article now sold to us? The original product scarcely comes to us now but is made to pay tribute to the Northern sugar refiners, and they pass it over to us under the tempting name of Black Strap, a substance quite as tempting as the name implies, black as if drawn from a Stygian pool, and robbed of two-thirds of the saccharine matter left by the first process of manufacture. If we will use molasses, why not make it at home, as is demonstrably shown by the few who have had nerve enough to persevere. The yield to the acre is from 300 to 500 gallons of juice, and when the cane is well matured, from 5 to 8 gallons of juice will make one gallon of syrup. This, if properly made, is worth from 45 to 60 cents a gallon, and will always find a ready sale. With the improved machinery for crushing now easily attainable, and with the superior apparatus for boiling, good results are always attainable; and thus a new industry may add to the resources of the people.

One objection to the cultivation of sorghum will, no doubt, rise to the lips of many farmers—it exhausts the land. To be sure it does. What product that makes such returns does not exhaust the land? Do you expect the land to give and receive nothing back in return? Is the earth a bank from which to draw indefinitely without a renewal of deposits? Such is the common belief, or at least the common practice, and this explains the stationary position of Southern agriculture. When it is understood and realized that the land contains only a limited supply of the constituent elements of plant food, and that any crop takes up some or all of these elements, then the reason for restoring them will be evident, and there will be less of that impatience which berates the earth for its unreasonable exactions. Deal with the soil as you do with the animals you prepare for your yearly provisions. Fatten the earth and she will fatten you.

And sorghum, no more than other crops, will do without good land; and if that land is exhausted by the crop, it is but fair to restore its fertility.

We are satisfied that the sorghum may be made a crop as remunerative here as it has proved in the Northwest, especially with the introduction of the improved varieties they have there. Molasses, well made, will always command a ready sale at fair prices. We say nothing of the large yield of seed, which some farmers think pay all the expenses of cultivation. It is enough if the molasses will pay; and that is indisputable. J. D. C.

THE LABORER'S LIEN.

The Act, entitled the Laborer's Lien, was evidently intended to be an extraordinary remedy, an effectual process for the recovery of the laborer's wages. This is proven by the fact that it goes upon the crop for satisfaction, and also by the forms necessary to be complied with before the crop can be taken under execution. It is unnecessary for us to recapitulate those forms here. What we wish particularly to say is, that this law, as extraordinary as it is, and as beneficial as it is in many respects, is yet seriously defective in many important essentials. A tenant, for instance, employs a man to work his farm. After the work is done, he refuses to pay. Of course the laborer, if he files his lien regularly, and takes the proper steps in his action, can take the produce which he has helped to raise, and satisfy his claim out of it. But now suppose the landlord steps in, and says there is a prior claim for provisions and money advanced to run the crop, and that he himself holds a debt against it that will absorb it all, what remedy is there then? In a word, the law seems to give the laborer no redress as against the landlord.

Now when we come to consider how frequently there is unjust collusion between the landlord and the tenant, and how utterly impossible it is, in many cases, when a laborer makes a contract for work, for him to know who is the owner of the land, we see at once that a laborer's remedy is incomplete. We witnessed the trial of a case only a few days ago, where a father asserted his rights as landlord, in order to save his son from a debt due to a faithful servant, who had worked industriously and regularly upon the farm. Now suppose that the Laborer's Lien, in this case, had taken hold upon the crop without regard to the ownership of the land, upon the principle that the debt must be inseparable from the fruit of the worker's toil, an ungenerous conspiracy would have been rebuked, and an honest laborer rewarded. Of course, such a law might produce injurious effects, unless drawn up with carefulness and caution. But it is the business of the law-makers to see to it, that the chaff is thoroughly winnowed from the good seed of their legislation. Otherwise their efforts, instead of being beneficial to the community, would prove a curse.

A complete Laborer's Lien is as necessary to the citizen, who runs his own farm, as to the laborer himself. Every sensible farmer understands that prompt payment of his workmen is the very life of his success. He can, with such a reputation to back him, command the best quality of hands, and command them in any numbers which he may require. While the possession of even a doubtful character in this respect, will almost be certain to be fatal to the best laid plans. Besides, the laborer who regularly derives his wages, works with activity and zeal, because his own circumstances are improved by the arrangement. He is enabled to obtain comforts for his family, to embellish and beautify his home, and to provide for the uncertainties of the future. Any law, then, that protects him against unjust landlords and tenants, is bound to be a good law, and beneficial to the interests of agriculture. Any law which preserves him from the pinching of poverty, and helps to give him a stake in the land, is a law which, though it may seem to be aimed against the proprietors of the soil, is notwithstanding a blessing in disguise. The commercial tables of the world show that those nations are the richest and most prosperous where the laborer is considered worthy of his hire. Our own farmers have found this out, and as a general rule are acting upon the sentiment. L——G.

PROTECTION OF CATTLE.

Man, in all stages of existence connected with societies, whether in the civilized or barbarous state, has surrounded himself with animals subdued from their original wild state, and made obedient to his will. He has exercised liberally the divine authority which gave him dominion "over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over the cattle;" and wherever man has passed beyond the primary state of the savage, he lives lord over the brute creation, paramount by virtue of the divine light of reason, our feasts "excellent in thought and surpassing in size."

This ordinary concomitant of human economy loses its force of strangeness by its very commonness, since all are accustomed to see or to hear or to read of what has been the inseparable companionship of man since the dawn of human history. The lordly horse, the symbol of strength and beauty and swiftness, submits himself to the bit, and evinces his obedience to his master. Whether, as the war horse, his neck clothed with thunder, he goeth forth to meet the armed men and mocketh at fear; or whether, as the patient drudge he drags the servile plough or draws the humble wain. The patient ox submits his neck to the yoke and has no dream of a liberty long ago lost and forever forgotten.

The simple sheep yields up its coat without a murmur, and the grunting porker squeals no dissent to the annual sacrifice. For war for pleasure, for food and for raiment, man lays the animal creation under tribute, and exacts it to the uttermost farthing without apparent sense of his responsibility.

Now, we take it, that there is a certain responsibility incurred both by humanity and by interest. The last may be most forcibly appealed to. The other is at least as imperative. Man has taken his domesticated family from their native wild, in which the congeners of most of them still range or roam in primitive freedom; and he has taken them, to the dulling of their instincts, to the changing of their habits and to the injury of their health. He has made them dependent upon him for their food, by compelling them to his use and by restraining them of their liberty. He has, by changing their habits, made them subjects of disease from which a state of nature exempted them. He has destroyed their hardiness, by the creation of new habits, and by destruction of that self dependence, the accompaniment of self-protecting instinct. In a word, man by his subjugation of the brute creation has usurped a guardianship which nature undertook, and which she always faithfully exercises when not interfered with. When interferred with, she expects that duty to be well performed by the hand that assumes the charge.

There is therefore, a responsibility of humanity for which man is chargeable towards the creatures he has made dependent; weak, diseased, and helpless because of the blunting of instinct. And how do we meet that responsibility, especially we of the South? And the blush of conscious guilt might mantle every cheek, as could the unhappy brutes utter their complaining voice, the spontaneous answer would come forth. Habits, begotten with the first settlement of the country, when the settler had much ado to provide himself a shelter, and was forced to leave his animals to seek their food and their protection in the surrounding forest or in the luxuriant brakes, are perpetuated when the forests are gone or diminished and when the brakes have ceased to yield their succulent pasturage. We proclaim to the world as one of the inducements to immigration, that our climate is so mild, that our cattle need no shelter and require no reserve supplies of food during the Winter months. To our shame, be it said, we do submit them to that ordeal, and test their vitality with all the tortures that cold and starvation can unite. We *do* turn them out to browze if they can upon fields brown and bare and culled of the last blade of nutrition. We *do* compel them to seek their shelter under the lee of barn or fence from the pitiless rain or the blinding sleet or the drifting snow, their shivering sides mantled with icicles and their perishing frames trembling with cold. They may go through the Winter; but many sink under the trial, and like the Irishman's horse die, just when they seemed to have learned to live without food or shelter, and doubtless much to the dismay of their confiding owners.

Now it seems that we have lived long enough in this climate to have parted with all poetic fancies of 'balmy airs' and a 'Southern sky.' Our winters are not long, it is true. But we have snow that give us very fair conceptions of boreal regions. We have ice that makes very impressive arctic suggestions and worse than all, we have those cold winter rains freezing as they fall, more cruel in their effects upon unprotected cattle then all other forms of Winter weather combined, and every Spring opens upon thousands of perishing cattle who have reached its threshold but too feeble to be revived by its genial breath, too much wasted to be benefited by its budding herbage.

The responsibility of humanity is interwoven with that of interest. When the first is regarded the latter will suggest and enforce itself: and when the farmer conscientiously assumes the first he will have made substantial progress in that direction which is the goal of all his operations. J. D. C.

TRUE TO HIS COLORS. HIS COUNTRY AND HIMSELF.

There lived, in the lower part of Beaufort county, at the opening of the Great Struggle, a young lawyer, who likewise was addicted to agricultural pursuits. When the Lost Banner was furled in the last agony of our people, his brave spirit was already gone from the roar of the guns, the blare of the trumpets and and the fierce onsets of the stricken field. We have been thinking of him lately, when reading some of the earnest sentences of the Managing Editor of this paper, who occasionally touches up with much beauty and force the fading memories of the late war.

The young man of whom we write, though fond of the employments and experiments of the farm was no uncultured rustic, rude and unpolished, but a scholar, a thinker and a forcible speaker. He was an honored graduate of Yale College, a lawyer by profession and practice, and in the very front rank of influential politicians at the commencement of the conflict. An old time Whig by conviction and inheritance, he fought what he considered the heresy of secession, until the aroused popular sentiment of the country swept his arguments and appeals away as if by a flood. Then he went back to his native county and to his farm, and raised a company of young men for the struggle.

That company of young men he never forsook. They were his neighbors, acquaintances and friends, and through bayonet charges, through stormy showers of shot and shell, through the weary, moaning words of the hospital, through bloody trenches and fearful marches, he bound them to him with hooks of steel. Though one of the most prominent lawyers and brilliant politicians of his age in the State, and able to command red tape influence enough to hoist him into any bomb-proof position of society and comfort, though a member elect of the Legislature, when he died in the midst of his gallant boys at Sharpsburg, and passionately devoted to politics as a profession, no temptation, no allurement could draw him from the duties, from the hardships and the stainless triumphs of a soldier.

We had the honor of perusing many of his letters, when General Johnson fell back from Manassas to confront McClellan on the Peninsula. They contained the most vivid descriptions of personal valour, of terrible suffering and heroic self-sacrifice, which we ever read. But through it all, and onward even unto the end he had but one idea, and that was, to endure, and, if need be, to die for his native South. Though of ancient and distinguished New-England lineage on the paternal side, he was a stubborn enemy of fanaticism and intolerance. He never had any hope of winning in the struggle. He knew the dogged determination of the Northern character as exhibited by land and sea, in the conquest of the wilderness, in the settlement and civilization of rocky and barren deserts, and in the explorations of navigators, and when he contemplated their numbers, their extensive merchant marine, and their innumerable recruits from the old world, his intellectual conclusions became settled from the very first against the probability of our success. But he never faltered at his post. True as steel and as brave as any Paladin who ever thrilled to the clarion peal at Roncesvalles, he struggled on to the end. When he went under in the last political struggle at Raleigh, and drew his sword in front of his troops, he turned his back upon his last dream of ambition. The honors and emoluments of the law, and the dizzy heights of political distinction, faded as completely out of his mind as love dies out of the heart of a nun when she takes the veil. So it came to pass, that, after many a perilous escape, he was struck down on the same terrible field with the gallant Branch, and in the old colonial village of Bath, in Beaufort county, under a slender pillar of white marble, and it may be, almost forgotten already by the State he loved and served, he sleeps, awaiting the resurrection of Lee's veteran's at the great judgment of the oppressor and the oppressed.

It is hardly necessary for us to mention the name of the young soldier, patriot and statesman, who exhibited such noble fortitude. Many surviving heroes of Gen. D. H. Hill's division, and many of his old political comrades will remember Capt. William T. Marsh.

L——G.

A merchant suggests to the farmers in this State, who have perishable articles to sell, to bring them into market in the early part or middle of the week, and not in the latter part, as is the general practice. And the reason given is a good one, that either the whole or a part may be shipped to other and distant markets, and it is important that no day in which business is closed shall intervene. If perishable produce is brought in on Friday or Saturday, it incurs all the risks and diminution of value growing out of a detention on Sunday and probably Monday.

J. D. C.

To the People of North Carolina

It is known to you that in obedience to a provision of the new constitution of our State, the recent session of the Legislature passed a bill establishing a Department of Agriculture, Immigration and Statistics, and for the protection of sheep Husbandry. Early after the adjournment of the General Assembly the Board of Agriculture was organized. They elected a Commissioner, Secretary and Treasurer, opened an office and museum in this city and went earnestly to work to carry out that wise provision of our organic law. Innumerable difficulties beset our effort by reason of our inexperience and the absence of a hearty and appreciative co-operation on the part of many of those whom we desired to benefit; and yet we have met with a success so far, which is most encouraging.

In the first place the Commissioner has established a corps of reliable and intelligent correspondents in every county in the State, mostly farmers, who give trustworthy reports monthly of the state of the crops, the weather, the live stock, and all other kindred topics; enabling an intelligent man at any moment to make a fair estimate of our natural condition.

In the second place, we have established a laboratory at Chapel Hill, and secured the services of a skilled analytical chemist who has been actively engaged in testing scientifically the various kinds of artificial fertilizers which have become so extensively in use among our people, and in the ignorant purchase of which so much imposition has been practiced and so much money wasted. Many of the more worthless brands have been driven from the market whilst the good have been made still better, and the commercial value of all more generally understood. He is now engaged in analysing sugar beets, grown in various parts of the State to determine the quantity of saccharine matter they will produce in this climate, with a view to the establishment of sugar manufactories if found to be favorable. He is also ready and prepared, under the Board, to analyse all soils, mineral, and substance whatever, that may be deemed of importance to the interests of agriculture.

In the third place, we have inaugurated the artificial propagation